

THE LILY

BY

N.C. MITTAL, B.Sc., F.G.S., M.R.A.S.,
Prince of Wales College, Jammu, Kashmir.

AUTHOR OF

"The Forget-Me-Not" and "The Bunch of Roses."

Revised by

Rai Sahib Lala Ragunath Sahai, B. A.,

Head Master,

Dyal Singh High School, LAHORE.

with a foreword

BY

V. N. SAHAI, B.A. (OXON), M.A. (PUNJAB).

Senior Professor of English,
Prince of Wales College, Jammu.

Second Edition.

LAHORE:

THE ARORBANS PRESS

1930

M 682

acc. no: 6162

First Edition.....*January, 1929.*

Second Edition.....*April, 1930.*

To

MY PARSEE FRIEND

Professor Maneck B. Pithawalla,

B. .A, B. Sc. (BOM.) F.G.S., M. R. A. S. (LOND.)

OF

The N.E.D. Civil Engineering College

AND

the B.V.S. Parsi High School,

KARACHI.

Copies of the book to be had of —

MESSRS. HARNAM DAS & BROS.,
Book-sellers and Publishers,
Pakka-danga,
JAMMU.

AND

The Manager,
RAFIQ-UL-TALIM AGENCY,
Hira Mandi, LAHORE.

FOREWORD

Mr. N.C. Mittal, B. Sc., F.G.S. needs no introduction to the general public. For the last five years or so he has been contributing short stories to various journals in India. Most of the stories he is now presenting in the form of a booklet have already been published. I understand they have been greatly appreciated by the public.

It is certainly a very laudable attempt on the part of Mr. Mittal to bring together so much folk-lore of India for the benefit of general readers. These stories, I am sure, will prove of interest not only for those who want some diversion but also for children between the ages of ten and sixteen. They are written in simple English prose, at places are extremely exciting and do not allow the interest of the reader to flag. No exception can be taken to them from a moral point of view : they can be safely put in the hands of young people.

Of late there has been growing a wide-spread contempt for Indian popular stories. Our last generation, especially in the Punjab, has always been averse to anything Indian. For our elders these stories meant nothing but pure fiction and a harmless but stultifying means of diversion for the illiterate. I think the present generation will take a different view of things. If nothing else a valuable line of research can be found in collecting such stories and in presenting them to the English-knowing public.

At least they would be saved from total extinction which was probably meant for them by the last generation. I hope many young men like Mr. Mittal will enlighten the public with stories which they can very well learn from their friends and relatives. In the end I wish Mr. Mittal every success in the useful and interesting work that he has taken upon himself.

V. N. SAHAI.

Preface to the First Edition

I have great pleasure in placing these stories before the public. They are written in simple and idiomatic English, are very interesting and have good morals. The book can profitably be used as a supplementary reader for the secondary and high schools, and I hope the stories will make a strong appeal to young students.

I acknowledge with thanks the valuable suggestions and appreciation of my stories from Rai Bahadur Makkhan Lal, C.E., M.I.E. (Ind.), The Honourable Rai Bahadur Sita Ram, M.A., LL.B., Principal A. Banerjea, M.A., B.L., Professor V. N. Sahai, M.A. (Punjab), B.A. (Oxon), and Professor Chand Mal, M.A., B.T.

I am deeply indebted to Mr. D. P. Mittal, M.B.A.S. (LOND.) for his help in correcting the proofs.

Any suggestion for the improvement of the book will be thankfully acknowledged.

JAMMU :
January, 1929. }

N.C. MITTAL.

Preface to the Second Edition

I have great pleasure in bringing out the second edition of "The Lily". I am also glad to note that the book is being profitably used as a supplementary reader, or for extra reading by school students.

I am deeply indebted to Mr. Leland J. Berry, Novelist and Poet, Birmingham and Rai Sahib Lala Raghu Nath Sahai, B. A., Head Master, Dayal Singh, Hingh School, Lahore for revising the book.

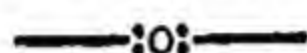
I am glad to state that I have been able to add a few illustrations in this edition to make it more interesting for young readers.

My thanks are also due to, the Director of Education, His Highness, Government, Jammu and Kashmir for his kindly introducing this book as a supplementary Reader in the 8th. class of the Schools of the State and also to educational authorities in other parts of India to encourage the use of it in their schools.

JAMMU: }
April, 1930. }

N. C. MITTAL.

CONTENTS.



	Pages.
The Four Intelligent Princes	1
The Faithful Rani	7
The Beautiful Rajkumari	14
Lal Pari or The Fairy in Purple	21
Prabhu—The Prince	28
“Whatever God Wishes, He Can Do”	40
The Exiled Prince	46
The Adventurous Thief	55
Janki—The Princess	58
The Peevish Millionaire	64

The Four Intelligent Princes

Once upon a time there lived a Raja who was very powerful and ruled over a vast kingdom. Petty Rajas were very much afraid of him. He gathered much wealth. At his death-bed he was very sorry to leave it behind. With a heavy heart he left this world for ever.

The Raja had four sons. They were young, handsome and of strong physique. They looked so very alike that one could easily mistake one for another. After the death of their father the question arose as to who should be enthroned. All the four princes considered themselves equally qualified for the throne. They would never agree to the decision of the ministers of the State. At last they came to the conclusion that their case might be decided by another Raja who was very intimate with their father.

They left for the Raja's capital. On their way, they met a country woman, the wife of an oil-vendor who passed by that side. They easily guessed by her attitude that she had quarrelled with some one. After a short time, her husband came along and enquired of them whether they had seen a passer by. They told him that they did and added that she seemed to have quarrelled with some one and pointed

out the direction in which she had gone. The poor oil-vendor, after a short search, came back to them and accused them of stealing her. They smiled at this absurd statement and told him that he was absolutely mistaken. Thereupon he threatened to sue them in the Raja's court, and he enquired where they were going. They told him they were going to the Raja, so he accompanied them.

Then, they met a camel which took its way to the north. They could not see much of it, because it ran away. They found it had eaten away the leaves of only those trees which stood on one side of the road. It led them to conclude that it was blind of one eye. Whilst they were talking of it, the camel-man came up to them, and enquired if they had seen his camel. They said they did and added, by way of identification, that it was blind of one eye. They asked him to trace its foot-prints in the northern direction, and make a thorough search for it. The camel-man did as he was advised. But he was quite disappointed when he could not find its whereabouts. He came back and told them he was fully convinced they had stolen it. After briefly enquiring of their destination, he also accompanied them.

They next met an old woman with a spinning-wheel, who requested the four princes to let her know how Ravana, the King of

Ceylon, was burnt. She was asked whether she would like to know it verbally or have an exhibition of it. She wanted a practical demonstration. So one of them applied a lighted match-stick to her hut, and whilst it was burning threw her spinning-wheel into it. Thus she was deprived of both her house and her spinning-wheel in a very short time. She told them that they had made her homeless and had robbed her of her only recreation—the spinning-wheel, and wanted them to fully compensate the loss. She was told that it was with her permission that they demonstrated how Ravana was burnt. But she also wanted to sue them in the Raja's court and therefore accompanied them on their journey.

One of the princes, wishing to have a smoke, went to the house of an oil-vendor near by. He asked the mistress of the house for a little fire and was told that he could get it himself from the hearth. He took a few glowing charcoal pieces, and while he was coming back his foot accidentally struck against a small pot containing a quantity of oil, which ran on the ground. He begged her pardon. She told him that he should not mind it, for by so doing he had expelled all her misery, trouble and disease. On hearing this he was struck with wonder, so he, in fun, violently upset a big pot of oil, which also ran on the ground. Both the master and the mistress of the house came

down upon him and wanted him to explain his conduct. He simply told them that he believed that by doing so the Raja's troubles would all be removed. They could not tolerate this great loss, and accompanied the princes to the royal court.

They reached their destination after a long and tiresome journey. The princes first requested the Raja to decide the case of all the four persons who met them on the road. The Raja called them individually and heard the case of each very attentively. The four princes gave the same arguments in support of their case as they did previously to the persons concerned. The Raja found that their arguments were convincing and they were speaking the truth. He announced his judgment that all the four princes were innocent and were not in the least guilty of the charges brought against them. He came to have a very high opinion of them.

Next the Raja took up the case of the princes themselves. He asked them to explain their case, which they obediently did. Afterwards he gave each of them a room to reside in, and sent his maid-servant to enquire what they should like to eat for their dinner. She went first to the youngest prince. He told her that had he been at home, he would have ordered rice. Then she went to the second

prince who told her that had he been at home, he would have asked for a dish of *khir* (rice boiled in milk). Similarly, the third liked to have fruits. The fourth, the eldest, to her great surprise, told her that if he was at home, he would have asked his wife to dress herself most fashionably and tastefully and would have enjoyed her pleasant company.

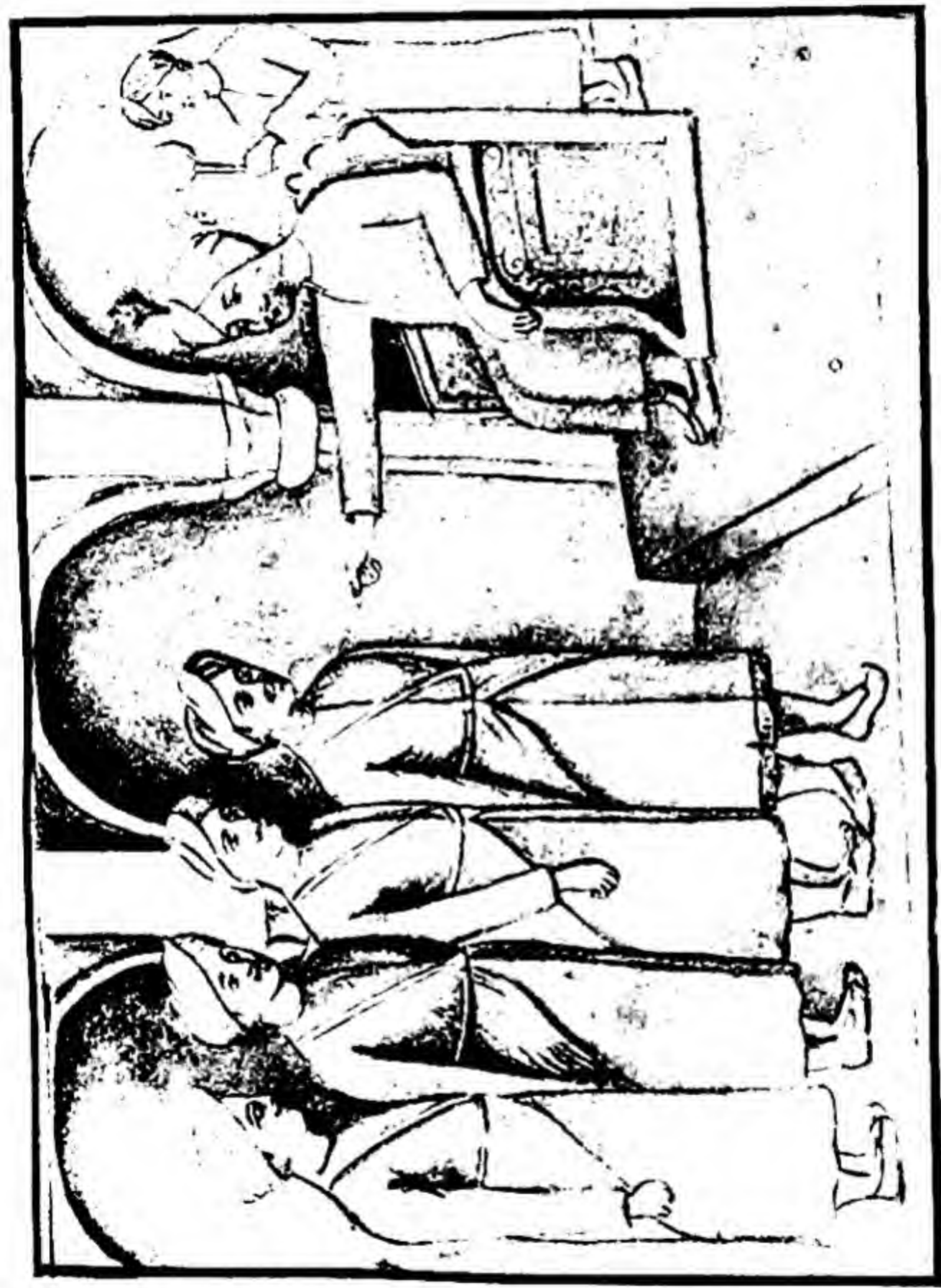
The maid-servant came back and informed her master of the wishes of the princes. The orders were issued and all they demanded was readily provided. To satisfy the desire of the eldest prince the Raja called upon his beautiful and accomplished daughter, whom he asked to kindly dress herself according to the prince's tastes and have a talk with him.

The two princes who ordered the rice and *khir* told the waitress that the paddy had been trodden by an ass and therefore refused to take the dishes. The third prince on tasting an apple told the waitress that it emitted a disagreeable odour and went out without eating it. The fourth prince received the Raja's pretty daughter. He had hardly set eyes on a portion of her *sari* when he exclaimed that she was low born, a mere foundling, and went away straight to his chamber.

The princess went to her mother to know the truth. She found out from her mother

that the prince was right. The Rani explained to her the whole case. Being satisfied with the explanation, she went to her father, who told her that the three princes were quite right in their statements. She told her father what the eldest prince had said about her and added that it was right. She asked the Raja to enthrone the eldest prince, because he was the cleverest and wisest of them all. He found out the truth by simply looking at a part of her dress; while the rest found it out after actually tasting their food. The Raja agreed to comply with her request. Next morning, he announced the judgment in favour of the eldest prince. He also told the princes that they should peacefully live together, and never quarrel with one another, for union is strength. He also convinced the younger princes of their eldest brother's superiority of intellect and right of ruling the kingdom. They took his advice to their hearts.

They all went home to their State. The eldest prince was installed on the throne with due pomp and show. He always displayed great love for his subjects and brothers. He endeavoured to provide them with all comforts and opened several schools. During his *regime* there was a remarkable improvement in all the departments of the State, thus proving the decision of the Raja to be a wise one.



The Raja announced the judgment in favour of the eldest Prince.

The Faithful Rani

Once upon a time there lived a Raja who was famous for his benevolence. It was his invariable habit to make a gift to a Pandit every Sunday. Once being very busy in state affairs, he forgot to have a bath and make the usual charitable offering (*dan*) to the Pandit. The Raja could not even come home, in spite of two appeals from the Rani. But when she sent for him a third time he came home. After saying his usual prayers, he called the Pandit. When he came, the Raja requested him twice to ask for anything he wanted, and twice he told the Raja that he was not in need of anything. But when he was pressed again, he demanded from the Raja all he possessed. The Raja, being true to his word, at once made him the monarch of his kingdom, whilst he with his wife and children left the capital for another part of the country. They had no money with them and felt tired and hungry after walking for some distance. The two sons of the Raja, Sarvar and Nir and their mother sat under a tree, and the Raja went to the neighbouring village to beg for alms. He returned with some grain which the Rani distributed among them. As the night was fast approaching, they expressed a wish to spend it there, and proceed further next day. It being the first day of their trouble the night was spent most restlessly. The two boys were feeling ex-

tremely miserable under the changed circumstances, for they had never tasted such humble food or taken rest under a tree in such a manner. It was really most distasteful to them.

Next day, after giving a small quantity of gram to her boys, the Rani told her lord that they should proceed further. After a tiresome journey they reached a town, where a discussion took place between the Raja and the Rani, as to who should go to the town and bring some eatables by begging. Both were ready to undertake the task, but the Rani was allowed to go to the town, because she convinced her lord that she would prove a better beggar, as she had often seen people begging from the window of her palace. The Rani went to the bazaar. She begged from a number of shops and succeeded in getting some eatables, which, however, were not enough for four of them. She came to a woman who was a gram-vendor. She asked for alms, but here she was asked by the woman to help her to put the fuel into her hearth (*bhatli*) for which she promised to pay her. She quietly obeyed her. To her misfortune, the captain of a ship came to the very shop for his food. Taking the Rani for a maid-servant, he asked the gram-vendor to order her to carry his food to his ship. After much hesitation, the Rani accepted the job. She carried the food to the ship, but he asked

her to enter it and to place it on a bench, which she did not like to do, so he called his men. She reminded him of his contract, but it was all in vain. He wanted her to get in, because he fell in love with her, and wanted to marry her, if possible. She yielded to his orders, but as soon as she stepped in, the ship set sail.

Meanwhile, the Raja with his sons was waiting for her. He became impatient when it grew dark. His greatest anxiety was that she might have been lost. He made a search for her in the town, but his efforts were all in vain. With a heavy heart, he and his sons started at day-break. His heart was full of sorrow at the loss of his dear wife whom he loved much. After a while they reached a stream which had to be crossed. Its water was flowing with great velocity. Under such circumstances he did not think it advisable to cross it by swimming with both of his boys on his back. He made up his mind to cross it with one boy at a time to be sure of their safety. He crossed successfully with one boy and left him on the other bank. While returning to take the other boy, he was swept away with flowing current and thought by both of them to be drowned.

On this the boys wept bitterly. They felt quite miserable, because they had never experienced such a calamity. The night was dark and still. Except the low murmuring

sound of mosquitoes, which often bit them, and the fearful sound of the stream, nothing was heard. They found the hours unusually prolonged and thought that the night would never end. However, they spent the night by relating to each other the deplorable tale of the loss of their parents.

At last the night ended, and day broke. It was early morning. A washerman, named Subhana, came to the place. To his great astonishment he found two handsome boys sitting on either bank of the stream. He enquired of them who they were. Thereupon the princes told him their names. They also informed him that they were the sons of a Hindu Raja and then related to him their miserable tale. On hearing this, he was much moved and took pity on them. It so happened that he had no issue, and felt inclined to adopt them. He asked them whether they had any objection to his adopting them as his sons. In case they had none, he promised to allow them to stick to their own religion and to have their separate kitchen arrangements.

Subhana brought them to his house. He told his wife about them, she was very pleased to relieve them and tried her best to make them comfortable. Then, he sent them to school. The school-master found them unusually intelligent, and it was a great pleasure to him

to teach them. When they were quite grown up, they requested Subhana to buy a horse for each of them. Within a short time they became good riders and soon learnt something of the art of war.

It so happened that the Raja, father of the two boys, while struggling in water was also saved by a boat-man. He also came to the same country and began to live there. The king of this country desired that after his death the people should gather together and let loose a hawk, and the person on whom it chanced to sit, whether he be a man or a woman, should succeed the throne. Later the king died after a ripe old age, and his will was fulfilled. The hawk, fortunately, sat down on the head of the Raja, the father of two sons. The people made him their king and he began to rule once again.

Sarvar and Nir trained their horses for a number of days near the place where the Raja of the country used to hold his court. They pretended to show that they were unmindful of the Raja's exalted position. One day the Raja sent for them. Thereupon they came, and paid there respects to him. He wanted them to explain why they came to his country. They told him that they wanted to serve him in any capacity he liked, but they would not accept less than a gold mohur a day. They were appointed as his Aides-de-camp.

They soon gained his favour and became his most trustworthy servants. It so happened that other servants became jealous of them and did not like to see them enjoying royal favour and patronage.

When the Rani (the mother of Sarvar and Nir) was entrapped by the captain of the ship, it became a great problem for her how to get rid of him. The captain often entreated her to marry him, and praised her highly. But, as she turned a deaf ear to his proposals, on other occasions he threatened her and told her that he would marry her by force or would go so far as to murder her. As she was an orthodox Hindu and a chaste, pious, true and faithful wife, she preferred death to the shame of submitting herself to this treacherous, cunning, mean and unscrupulous captain. After reflection she thought out a good plan to get rid of him. She promised to marry him after seven years in case she did not meet her sons or husband. She hoped to see them during this long time, but the captain thought otherwise, and was much elated at the prospect of ultimately winning her.

Time passed slowly, the ship was anchored in the neighbourhood of the town, where the two sons of the unhappy Rani were in the service of the Raja. The captain requested the Raja to send two of his brave soldiers to guard his ship, which was full of merchandise. It so happened that Sarvar and Nir

were deputed to guard it. It was a marshy place, the mosquitoes troubled the two young men much. It was not an agreeable duty for them. In order to pass the night easily Sarvar asked his younger brother to relate the tale of their unfortunate youth. The Rani sitting inside the cabin was very attentive to this story of their misery and tried to put down important events on the sole of her shoe. She was overwhelmed with joy at the sight of her dear sons. She contrived an admirable plan for getting rid of that rascal of a Captain.

It was hardly day-break when she began to weep bitterly and even went so far as to tear her clothes. She loudly complained that the two men on guard behaved improperly with her and said that her case should be taken up for hearing in the Raja's court. The captain was unaware of her clever scheme for attaining her object.

She attended the court, where she told the Raja that in reality she was not disgraced by his two servants, but, on the other hand, she was glad to find them out as they were her dear sons once separated from her on account of unavoidable circumstances. She gave out her story in detail and also told him that it tallied with the facts related by those two men the previous night. Sarvar and Nir were also ordered to relate their history. On this the Raja, the Rani, and the two sons found

out that they formed the same family, and there was much rejoicing on this happy occasion. The captain was sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for seven years.

Next day the Raja held a public Darbar. It was attended by a large number of people. They spent the day in merry-making. The Raja lived happily with his family for a long time.

The Beautiful Rajkumari

Once upon a time there lived a Raja named Chandra Shekhar who had a clever son, Sushil Kumar, and a beautiful daughter, Saraswati. The Raja reigned happily for a long time, and he was very much loved by his subjects. He was very regular in saying his prayers and going to the temple, for he had deep faith in his religion.

One day he expressed his intention to go on a pilgrimage to Amar Nath Ji. Thereupon Sushil Kumar told him that he must accompany him, and would not like to stay at home in his absence, on any account. The Raja asked him who would rule the State in case he was allowed to accompany him. He cleverly replied that his sister disguised

as a prince would manage the State affairs very efficiently. To this his father agreed.

After a few days, the Raja with his son left for the desired pilgrimage and Saraswati began to rule the State in disguise. The Raja's minister, Kidar Nath, somehow or other discovered that the then ruler was no other than the Raja's daughter. He, therefore, tried to contrive a plan to compel her to disclose her identity. He asked her one evening to go out for a walk with him. At his request she accompanied him. Both of them discussed pleasant subjects as long as they were in sight of the town. But as soon as they were far away from it, Kidar Nath, under the threat of murdering her, demanded her to reveal her real identity and marry him. It was a great problem for her to solve at a moment's notice. It was also difficult to face such a calamity at this odd time, when she was unarmed, and had nobody to help her. At this trying time, however, she did not lose heart. She was very beautiful and young and had rosy cheeks and large beautiful eyes. She admitted that she was the daughter of his Raja and said that she would marry him on the completion of a palace which should be built by him in honour of their intended marriage. She also added that there should also be built two life-like statues of each of them, and placed in the hall of the palace. The minister agreed.

He was much pleased with her decision.

The minister went to his office, and immediately issued urgent orders that a magnificent palace should be built in the shortest time possible. He took great pains in the matter, but to his great disappointment he was told it could not be completed even in six months. In the meanwhile, the Raja wrote to him that he would be coming back from his happy and successful pilgrimage very shortly, and that he should give him a hearty reception on this occasion with special pomp and show on the date which would be communicated to him later on. The minister requested Saraswati to reside in the palace, which he got decorated with all sorts of pictures and rich furniture. He wrote to the Raja that his daughter was found to be of loose character, and in his humble opinion it would not be fit for him to keep her in his palace. On this unexpected bad news, the Raja was very much enraged, and ordered his son to go to her and cut off her head with his sword.

On reaching Kidar Nath's palace, Sushil Kumar knocked at the door and asked his sister to open it. She quite unhesitatingly opened the door, because she had no knowledge of the minister's letter, and she was true to herself and to her relatives. Sushil took pity on her, because he had found her

an innocent soul. He placed her in a box and dropped it in a river. X

The box went on floating for a long distance. It so happened that one morning it was stranded a short distance from a city. The Raja of this country had a son, Satish Chandra who was a handsome young man and was expert in military exploits. He always triumphed wonderfully in his achievements. One morning a washerman went to the river and saw the box, he broke it, and to his great astonishment he found in it a young *beautiful Rajkumari*. He took her to the Raja, because he thought it fit that she should have a prominent place in the Raja's family. The Raja was quite pleased to see her and married her to his only son. They lived happily for a number of years. She understood her duties well, and made it a point to pay due respects to her relatives. The ladies of the palace were always glad to enjoy her company. She loved above all her lord, whom she simply took for Krishna ji. For him she was nothing but Radha. In other words she was a lady of delight for him. God blessed them with two sons. The Raja died. On the expiry of the 13 days of mourning, Satish Chandra was enthroned. He ruled his kingdom peacefully and efficiently. One day the Raja with his minister, Gobind, went out into a dense forest for the hunt of a tiger. It was a very trying day for both of them, because

they had to exert their utmost in order to find out their prey. In the afternoon, they heard the fearful roar of the tiger. The minister, being a coward, left his master's company, and came back to his place. He was wicked, cunning and *badmash*.

Gobind told the Rani that her lord was dead, and that she should marry him. On this she got enraged, and told him that he should not talk to her like that, on any account. But he took himself to be the ruler of the State, and therefore ordered her under threat of corporal punishment to give him her hand in marriage. She told him that in course of time two of her sons would become Rajas, and she would not agree to his proposal under such circumstances. The haughty minister considered it a lame excuse, and cut their throats, thus getting rid of them. She was grieved at this, but asked him to take one corpse in his hands, and the other she took herself and buried them. She requested him to bathe in the river far away from her to which he agreed. Under the pretext of going to take a bath she proceeded along the stream and cleverly escaped into a dense forest. He was very sorry to lose her, but there was no help for it. She lived like a *Sanyasi*, a female hermit, and built a hut for herself, where she went on living for about two years. Meanwhile, the Raja came back to his place after a successful hunt. When

he did not find his wife, he was considerably surprised. The minister tacitly told him that she was a *rakshasi* and had devoured her own handsome sons, and made him believe in these stories invented by him. He requested him after a few days to marry Kidar Nath's beautiful young daughter. The Raja agreed. Gobind informed Kidar Nath about the intention of the Raja Sahib, Kidar Nath at once sent his (*Nai*) barber with certain suitable articles to the Raja to celebrate the betrothal of his daughter. On his way to the Raja, the barber passed by Saraswati's cottage. She was in the disguise of a hermit when she received him very hospitably. She entertained him with nice food. She got all information about the intended betrothal. The barber sang the praises of the hermit in elegant strains to the Raja, the (*Wazir*) minister and the other courtiers. He even requested them to see him on their way to Kidar Nath. He added that in case he gave the Raja Sahib his blessings, it would be a good omen. The Raja promised to act according to the wishes of the barber. The betrothal ceremony was performed, and the date of the marriage was fixed.

On the appointed day, the Raja started for the bride's house. It was also decided that he would halt for a day at the hermit's cottage. The hermit took three very big rice pots, and put a grain of rice in

each, and let them be boiled. She prayed to God that He should fill them with rice if she was pure, chaste and sincere to her husband. She served the marriage-party with rice, and other delicious dishes giving nice flavour. The Raja requested the hermit with folded hands, to very kindly accompany him and bestow his blessings on him at the bride's house. He agreed to it.

Before the marriage ceremony was to be performed, it was arranged that the hermit should deliver a lecture. She promised to do so on the condition that anybody who interrupted him in the course of the lecture, would at once be beheaded. The condition was very hard, yet it was agreed to unanimously. She rose from her seat amidst shouts of joy and began her lecture. After a short introduction she gave out her identity and related Saraswati's tale from the beginning to the end. When she came to the point that they should see the statues of both Kidar Nath and Saraswati in the palace, the minister rose up and said that she was a vagabond, a liar and so on. According to the agreement, he was ordered to be killed. Similarly when she related Gobind's treachery and ill-treatment, he also blamed her and consequently she too met with the same fate.

Once again Saraswati became the dear Rani of Raja Satish Chandra. She lived happily for a long time with her parents, brother and husband.

LAL PARI

OR

The Fairy in Purple

There was a Raja named Bikram who had seven sons. It was his desire to marry them to the daughters of a Raja, but for a long time he could find no Raja with seven daughters. He sent out a Pandit to find suitable matches, and this pandit, to his own great surprise met another pandit on his way who was searching for seven princes to marry them to a Raja's seven daughters. The two Pandits discussed the subject of marriage, and then returned to their masters to tell them that their quests had been successful.

The question now arose how the princes and the princesses should be matched. At length the two Rajas decided that each of the seven boys should bend his bow and shoot an arrow at the roofs of the houses of the seven girls. This the boys did, and the arrows to the astonishment of all, fell in regular succession, the arrow of the eldest prince on the house of the eldest princess and so on until that of the youngest prince fell on the house of the youngest princess. Each of the princes was given the hand of the princess who had fallen to his lot. All were satisfied except the youngest, for his wife, who was named Lal Pari, had the appearance of a monkey.

One day Bikram ordered his sons to bring him silk-handkerchiefs made by their wives. All agreed to the proposal, although the youngest, Bir, felt very sad. His elder brothers went to the city where they bought fine silk cloth, gold lace, and numerous other things required for the making of handkerchiefs ; but poor Bir could not help sighing and returned to his house with a heavy heart.

When his wife saw him in such a state, she asked him why he was so gloomy. At this Bir lost his temper and told her the cause. She promised to provide him with a handkerchief of unique beauty. He was surprised to hear her say so. She requested him to eat his dinner and he quietly did it. After this he asked for the promised handkerchief. She requested him to go to the right bank of the stream Pearl, find a certain *pipal* tree, and take his stand under it on horseback in the afternoon. There he should shout out three times "*Faryad*" (request). Upon this some one would ask "*Kis ki faryad*". (Whose request?) and he should say "*Lal Pari ki faryad*" (Lal Pari's request). Thereupon an almond would fall to the ground which he should bring home.

Bir laughed contemptuously at all this, but nevertheless obeyed. To his great astonishment everything came out true. He brought the almond home ; but as he was tired and ignorant of the almond's real

value, he threw it at his wife in a fit of rage; and it would have struck her on the forehead if she had not quickly jumped aside.

She, however, gladly picked it up asking him to shut his eyes for two minutes. As soon as he did it, she broke the almond in half. What did he see on opening his eyes? He saw a silken handkerchief of unrivalled beauty, the like of which he had never seen before. He could not express his joy. His wife folded the handkerchief in the shell of the almond and gave it to him to show to his father, the Raja.

On the appointed day all the sons of Raja Bikram went to show him their wives' handkerchiefs. First of all the eldest son showed his handkerchief, next the second son, and so on; and last of all came the youngest son with the almond in his hand. After showing proper respect and courtesy to his father, he spread out the handkerchief on the piece of cloth upon which he was sitting.

The Raja was very delighted with it. He remarked that he liked the work of his youngest daughter-in-law best and thought it well-worth a ruby (*Lal*). He then gave the youngest son some gold, with words of encouragement; and the rest of the day was passed in merriment.

Now the Raja, with the object of seeing his daughter-in-laws' dexterity at cooking, asked his sons to have food prepared for him under the supervision of their wives. All agreed and returned to their houses to inform their wives of their beloved father's wish. Now the servants became busy in all corners of their kitchens preparing food. Even the princes themselves bought several things for the occasion.

No one can imagine the deplorable condition of Bir—he was praying to God for speedy death. What could he do? He could not commit suicide, because life was too dear to him. He went home with a heavy heart. When he entered the house, his wife inquired after his health. He replied that the Raja wanted to dine at his house to see what sort of food was prepared under her supervision. Thereupon she told him not to be anxious at all for to do it would be a mere trifle for her. He was asked to rest and dine and then go to the same place as before, this time with an ass, and utter the same words that he had uttered on the first occasion. This time he would get a brick instead of an almond, which he should bring home on the ass.

He went, though unwillingly, and to his astonishment received a brick from Heaven. When he got home, he threw it at his wife, but

she narrowly escaped it. He did so, because he took her for nothing more than a monkey and had no confidence in her. Again, however, she asked him to shut his eyes and see the effect of her magic.

She hit the brick and broke it in two. A palace came out with good kitchens in which all kinds of delicacies were being cooked. There were drawing-rooms, sitting-rooms, and dining-rooms, all furnished with the most refined taste.

She remarked, "Look, all this is being done under my supervision according to the wish of your dear father. Invite him here and request him to do full justice to all these dishes."

Accordingly the Raja came and dined at his youngest son's house. He was very pleased and remarked that the dinner was better than any of those prepared by his other sons' wives.

To test further the cleverness of his youngest son's wife, he invited all his daughters-in-law to dinner. All left home in response to the invitation in gay dresses except the wife of the youngest prince who set out in simple attire. Before she entered the palace she left her monkey skin in the palanquin and then appeared before the king in a gorgeous dress.

She was a fairy of medium stature, dressed in a well-fitting dress of purple silk ornamented with designs of the most exquisite taste.

Her dark hair was gathered in a plait, decorated with pearls of the first water. Her features were regular, her nose straight, the curve of her upper lip carefully drawn, expressing modesty, and her chin well shaped. Her hands were especially good. She had a ring on one finger which increased her beauty tenfold. Above all her eyes were big and attractive and she was the model of perfect earthly beauty.

Her husband found out the truth now and desired to burn her skin to live happily with her as his wife. But the ways of God are inscrutable. Man's desire is never completely satisfied. Bir burnt the skin. At once she smelt the odour of the burning skin and fled from the house to her palanquin, telling the carriers to walk on. Before they had gone far she slipped out unperceived.

Bir was very happy at what he thought was the success of his venture ; but when he lifted the curtain of the palanquin to look at his transformed wife, he found no one there. At this he fell into a swoon. When he came to his senses he found that he was helpless and without a companion. He wanted his wife, and could not endure her absence even for a short time, thinking that life without her was not worth living.

He thought the bearers might have stolen her away and had them beaten and whipped, but with no success. When he could not find her, he set out bare-foot for the jungle

to search for her. After several days' journey he reached a place where a Sadhu lived and this Sadhu he served for some days. One day the Sadhu asked him his object. He related the whole story, at the end asking the Sadhu where his wife was and how he could get her back to his house. The Sadhu told him that his wife was at that time in a place from which it would be difficult, almost impossible, to get her back without the Sadhu's help. Bir begged him for help, which the Sadhu after many entreaties at length promised.

The Sadhu told Bir that his wife was in the land of the fairies far away. In case Bir reached there, he would find his wife lying on a Persian carpet with her head and feet supported by two bricks. He should first lift her up and reverse her position so that her head would be on the brick that had been under her feet and her feet on the brick that had been under her head. Then she would be restored to her previous state and would immediately recognize him. After this he should mount his horse with her and make his way as rapidly as possible to the hermit's hut, first putting a little cotton in both his ears, in order that he might not hear the sweet enchanting melodies of the fairies. The fairies would follow him to pull him to pieces, but, when they drew near, he should throw behind him the contents of one of the powder packets the Sadhu would

give him. The effect would be that it would rain cats and dogs for a time and the fairies would be detained. During all this time he should keep his horse at full gallop. When the fairies approached again he should throw the second powder packet, which would raise a great sandstorm and darken the air. One by one he should throw the remaining five packets, which would cause molesting heat and fire.

With these instructions he proceeded to the land of the fairies, where he found his wife lying on the Persian carpet as the Sadhu had said. He returned with her, pursued by the fairies but was saved by the powder packets. When he reached the Sadhu again, he thanked him for his fatherly advice ; and the saint in turn told him to go home with his wife and live happily. This they did, and after some years God blessed them with a son. ●

Prabhu—The Prince

Once there lived a Raja, who was famous for his justice. He had an only son—Prabhu, whom he loved much.

Prabhu spent much of his time in playing with his friends. He teased the girls who came to draw water from the well with earthen pitchers on their heads, by breaking them with stones. They could not tolerate him for long. They made a complaint against the prince to the Raja, who neither liked to

displease his son nor to do injustice to the girls. He, therefore, gave them copper pitchers at his own expense. The prince could not do any harm to them now. At his failure, they smiled at him and even taunted him. He, in turn, could not tolerate their taunting. He went to the blacksmith and told him that he wanted some bullets, by means of which he could break their copper pitchers. He gave him quite a large number of metal balls which he said would have the desired effect. Prabhu tried them on the pitchers and achieved his purpose and continued his usual practice.

It so happened that one day, a shot struck the pitcher of a Brahmin girl. It made a hole in it and the water trickled through it. Within a short time she was drenched through and she came to the Raja wearing her wet clothes and wept and complained bitterly of the prince. She told him that if the prince was so dear to him that he was unable to listen to her, she would curse him. The Raja did not like to be cursed by the Brahmin girl, lest any evil should befall him. According to law, of course Prabhu had no right to tease her. The girl, when she found him thinking much over the decision, told him that the prince should be exiled for twelve years. It was a hard punishment, but he had to agree, and orders were issued to that effect. He also ordered him not to cross the threshold of his palace during that time.

The prince, while he was on his way to the palace, read the order sent by his father. Dressed in a Sadhu's garb he left the place immediately without seeing his parents and relatives. When out of the territory of his father he took his seat under a tree at the road side. He lived there for sometime. People respectfully touched his feet thinking him to be a pious wise man. He was happy, and he did not grumble at the punishment inflicted on him by his father.

One day, when he was sitting alone, a Raja with his courtiers passed by, mounted on an elephant. The Raja was a wise old man. He could guess a man by his face. He climbed down from the elephant and asked Parbhu, who he was. Parbhu kept silent and shyly looked down. He did not like to deceive such an intelligent and powerful personage. The Raja after waiting for a few minutes for his answer told him that he guessed him to be a prince, to which Prabhu replied in the affirmative. The Raja then asked him the details of his history and to mention all that had led him to be a *Sadhu*. The Prince did as asked. When the Raja heard the name of his father who was his own intimate friend, he embraced and caressed him. He took him to his palace and adopted him as his son, providing him with all the possible comforts, and always treating him with as much care as he did his own son. Prabhu was older than his son, who was

always afraid that the former might succeed his father after his death. He did not like Prabhu to be an obstacle in his way. He wanted to put him to death tactfully. So he spent much of his time in thinking over it and making plans.

One day both the princes went out to hunt. The prince as previously planned, fired a shot at Prabhu in order to get rid of him once for all, but it missed narrowly to the good luck of the latter. Prabhu asked him to give a satisfactory explanation of his misbehaviour. He replied that he thought he was shooting an animal and that he never intended to do any harm to him. Prabhu was much excited and went straight to the Raja and told him all about it. He added that he should be given back his clothes, so that he might go away and live elsewhere. The Prince was jealous of him and he did not like to lose his life for nothing. The Raja did not like to displease either of them. He told Prabhu that the prince was his younger brother and that he ought not to behave to him like that. He told his own boy also that in future he should be very careful about his conduct and should have great regard for his elder brother. He dropped a few more words of encouragement, union and brotherhood and brought about a reconciliation. Though the prince was outwardly on good terms with his brother he yet hated him from the very

core of his heart. He wanted to do mischief and was always hatching cunning schemes.

Once they left the palace for a hunt, and spent much of their time uselessly but found no game. They crossed their territory and reached the kingdom of a Raja. At last they saw a deer and pursued it for a long time. On its way there came a Raja's garden which was specially reserved for the ladies of the palace, into which nobody was allowed to enter. The deer jumped into it, and Prabhu also followed it, but his companion remained outside, because the latter knew the rules of the garden and was afraid of violating them. He intentionally did not inform Prabhu of the rules so that his life might be imperilled. The deer escaped his sight, and vanished into the trees.

Prabhu saw from a distance several young girls enjoying a swing. He guessed they belonged to the royal family. It was raining and yet they were singing and enjoying the swing. He wished to have a chat with them, but, being a stranger, dared not go to them. His heart was full of joy and anticipated good luck. It began to rain heavily. All of them ran away except one, the Raja's daughter—Vidya. He came to her and asked her who she was. He found her very beautiful—her beauty excelled that of

the fairies in heaven. She had a wealth of long golden hair carefully dressed in plaits. Her cheeks were plump and rosy. Her eyes were so charming that they attracted him. She was dressed richly, adorned with a large number of ornaments of different designs. He fell in love with her. She too cast a side-long glance on him and lo! It struck her that the young man was the most suitable match for her. He was a stout handsome young man, perfect in all respects. He shielded her from rain as far as possible. After sometime she went to her mother and told her about the young man, she had met. She also told her that she loved him dearly and would marry him and none else. Without him she would not feel happy. It was a problem for her mother, who told her that she was already betrothed to *Deva* (the monster). If the latter came to know about it, he would destroy the whole town and they would have to face much trouble. The princess did not agree and told her that she would not care for anything, as she loved Prabhu.

The Raja, who was the father of the princess sent for him and told him that he would be glad to marry his daughter to him provided he succeeded in killing the monster or making it run away. He agreed to do his best in the matter.

The monster always visited a certain

spot at night where a man and some eatables were kept for it to devour. Prabhu was shown the place, where he went with his pistol and shot, quite ready for a fight. The monster came along roaring and thundering. It was much enraged to find nothing to eat at the appointed place. Prabhu ~~added~~ fuel to the flame by firing at it when it became excited. It got confused and did not know what to do, and took the earliest opportunity to run away. It never dared visit the town again. Thus Prabhu won the favour of the Raja and the royal family. People had a high opinion of him and always held him in great esteem. The Raja was so much pleased with him that he gladly married his pretty daughter to him with great pomp. She had full confidence in his strength and courage and knew he could defeat even a monster. Both of them were very happy. They spent their time in reading good books and helping the Raja in his State affairs. Prabhu told her that she should live with her father for two years, at the end of which he would come back to her from the journey which he was going to take very shortly. She did not like the idea. She wanted to accompany him, as she was his partner in life and loved him dearly and sincerely. But she had to agree, when he asked her to do so.

He left the place and reached a town after a few days' travel. On his way he met a damsel,

who, after introducing herself, accompanied him to the town. They agreed to live as brother and sister, and behaved to each other very decently. In order to strengthen their relationship, they went to the Ganges (considered to be a very sacred river by the Hindus), bathed there and made a vow to that effect. Then they lived in a villa. They went on living so happily that Prabhu forgot even his promise to Vidya.

Vidya was feeling miserable without her husband. She did not like to dress herself in rich clothes. As time passed on, she was getting more and more nervous. She left off even going out for a walk. The world was dreary for her without him. She expected every day a message from her lord but was always disappointed. According to his promise it was now the last day for him to come to her. The day broke. She went to her parents and told them that she would burn herself on a funeral pyre at 8 o'clock that evening, in case her husband did not turn up. They tried their best to dissuade her from this, as they thought it was simply childish. They told her Prabhu would come back after a time. Perhaps some unavoidable circumstances compelled him to stay away. They advanced several arguments, but she did not pay the slightest heed to any of them. She proved to be an obstinate lady. She went on waiting for him impatiently till nightfall, when

she sat on the funeral pyre. She was weeping and crying, as she could not see her husband whom she had craved to see for so long.

It also struck Prabhu on the morning of the same day that it was selfish on his part to neglect his wife so much and that as it was the last day of his promise, he ought to have been with her by that time. He anticipated some trouble and he thought that if he reached his father-in-law's place in the evening, he could fulfil his promise and thus consider himself blameless. He did not like to lose time. He took leave of his adopted sister, he rode his horse at full speed and reached the vicinity of the town in the evening. It was just before eight when he saw smoke and flames coming out of a funeral pyre at a distance. He stopped for a minute and listened to a feminine voice crying aloud for him. He proceeded to the place and reached it just at 8. But he was unfortunate. Though he recognised the voice of his wife and wanted to save her, yet it unconsciously came out of his mouth, "Sister wait for me." She heard him. There was time, she could come out of the flames and meet and embrace him, but her heart was burst with anger and contempt on hearing the word sister. She thought that she was forgotten. In a few minutes she was reduced to ashes.

He was very sorry on her death. He never

meant what he had told her. He was sobbing and weeping and did not like to part with her ashes. Full one day passed away. He did not touch even a morsel of bread. At mid-night Shivaji and Parbati happened to pass by that side, and saw the miserable condition of Prabhu. Parbati's heart was filled with pity and she did not like to see him weeping at that odd hour. She persuaded her husband to go to him. He did not like the idea, but was compelled to go. He asked him about his trouble. On coming to know about it he was about to leave the place, when Parbati requested him to kindly infuse life into the bones of Vidya, whose death her husband was lamenting so bitterly. He kept silent. She spared no pains to persuade him to do the needful. At last he agreed. He uttered a charm and Vidya was alive, she fell at his feet in gratitude. Prabhu was overcome with joy to see her recalled to life. They went to the Raja's palace. The happy news spread through the town. All were filled with joy on this happy occasion. People congratulated the Raja and the Rani, whose happiness knew no bounds. They distributed sweetmeats among the children and alms to the poor and needy.

Prabhu lived with his father-in-law for some time. One day he felt inclined to leave the place for another part of the country, and this he did. His wife and a maid of honour accompanied him.

They reached a town, the Raja of which turned out to be an intimate friend of his father. He welcomed him. Prabhu spent a few days with him. The Raja had a daughter who always entertained Prabhu with food and amusements. She was young and yet unmarried. She could not find a suitable match for herself. After waiting long she found Prabhu as the most suitable husband for herself. She knew that he was married and it was not proper for her to look for him but she was quite helpless. She fell in love with him and liked none else. The Raja too liked him to be his son-in-law. He was married to his daughter.

Accompanied by three ladies, he left the place. He reached a river which he had to cross. All the four persons took their seats in a boat and when they were crossing it, they were caught in a storm. The river was in flood, its water was agitated and swelled. Unfortunately the boat gave way and burst into three rafts. One of which was occupied by Vidya and her maid, another by Prabhu's second wife and the third by himself. They were floating helplessly at the mercy of the storm. The river branched off into three directions and each raft took a different path. They could not see one another and were struck with terror, especially the ladies who had never faced such a calamity before. Two of the branches met afterwards

at a particular place, and by God's grace the ladies landed safely there. They did not know what to do. They felt miserable and sat there in an awful fix. A washerman came there and saw the three pretty ladies sitting, all rivalling with one another in beauty. For sometime he was at a loss to know whether they were fairies or women. On enquiry he came to know that two of them were princesses and the third their maid-servant. He thought he should take them to the Raja who would surely like them, and give him a reward which might make him a rich man. He took them to the Raja, who was much pleased to see them and had them admitted into his palace. The washerman was dismissed after he was given a suitable reward. The Raja wanted to marry them but they all refused to be married to him. He tried much to persuade them. At last they told him that they would marry him after waiting for a year for their Lord, from whom they had been separated by ill luck. He agreed. They lived there for some-time and waited impatiently for Prabhu.

Prabhu landed at another place and at once went in search of them. It chanced that he came to the town where the ladies were residing with the Raja. He was tired and felt thirsty and went to a well to drink water. He overheard two women talking about the ladies. He was naturally very

anxious to learn more about them. He went over to them and requested them to supply him with more details about the ladies of whom they were talking. They complied with his request, though after much hesitation. After drinking water he went to the Raja's palace. He saw the three ladies sitting in the balcony and waiting for him. He was much pleased to see them and longed to have them by his side. The ladies too saw him—the joy of their life—and descended the staircase to meet him. After saluting them, he went to the Raja and demanded the ladies. The Raja gladly agreed. Prabhu and his ladies were his guests for a few days.

He passed his time merrily among his ladies. They went to a village, where they lived for sometime. They all enjoyed country life. It was very pleasant to breathe fresh air and enjoy the gossip of the villagers. The period of Prabhu's exile was about to end. He with the ladies left the place for his country and reached there just at the end of twelve years. He was welcomed by his father, who was very pleased to hear about his adventures at various places.

“Whatever God wishes, He can do.”

Once upon a time there lived two witty men. One of them was the follower of the

maxim : "Whatever is done, is done once for all, and it can not be altered," but the other followed the maxim : "Whatever God wishes. He can do." They had a quarrel over this point, and they brought the case to the Raja's court for decision.

The Raja made up his mind to decide the case in favour of the man who said "Whatever is done, is done for ever." He came to this conclusion, by taking up his own example. He argued to himself that as he was a monarch, he could not become a sweeper the very next day.

The following morning he went upstairs to his private apartment. It so happened that when he was thinking of his decision a beautiful bird with a chain round its neck came there. He caught hold of the chain, but the bird suddenly flew off and took him to a small island, far away from the palace. The Raja was quite surprised to find himself there. He felt very miserable, because the island was uninhabited. He waded through the water with great difficulty and became very dirty. He looked more or less like a wretched Sadhu. Now he came to know that it was wrong for him to think that whatever was done, was done once for all.

He came to a town. On seeing him, the children cut all sorts of jokes with him ; they even went so far as to throw dirt, pebbles etc. at him. It was not unusual for them : they always behaved in that manner to Sadhus. It was a great fun for them. The Raja felt very miserable. He found himself in a condition worse than that of a sweeper. Thus he was ashamed of his previous conviction. He reached a Sahukar's (rich man's) shop. He folded his hands before the Sahukar, whom he requested to provide him with a job. He was employed as his kitchen-servant with daily meals as his wages. He gave out his name as Briju. In a month or so the master found him to be a clever man. He now granted him rupees five a month with free board and lodging.

Briju's duty was to serve his master at the shop. The Sahukar was quite satisfied with his work. He sometimes rewarded him with extra money. One day, by chance the Sahukar forgot to take his box of jewels to his house. He spent a restless night, and made up his mind to go to his shop at 5 A. M., Briju saw the jewel-box opened it, counted the jewels, estimated their price on a piece of paper placed it inside the box, closed it, and put the box in a safe place near his bed.

Briju, as usual, went for a walk in the



Briju handed over the box to him. The Sahukar was very glad to find him strictly honest. Page 43.

morning at 4 o' clock. On reaching his shop the Sahukar found neither his servant nor the jewel-box. He got very nervous, and took Briju for a thief. He at once proclaimed that whoever seized, and produced Briju, would receive a reward of Rs. 1000 -. It was a big sum, people ran after him in all possible directions. One man who saw him having a walk requested him to tell the Sahukar that he had found him out. He also promised to give a bribe of Rs. 500/-. Another who also found him made the same request and offered a larger bribe. But he turned a deaf ear to all. He came back to the shop, and told his master that he had been out for his usual morning walk. He handed over the box to him. The Sahukar was very glad to find him strictly honest. He increased his pay from Rs. 5/- to Rs. 20/., a month and appointed him his *munshi* (clerk).

It so happened that a powerful Raja of another kingdom sent three girl-toys, one of which was made of gold, another of silver, and the third of iron, to the Raja of the country where the Sahukar was living. The former asked the latter (Raja) to determine and inform him of the price of each toy, failing which he would invade the latter's kingdom. He was very much afraid of the other Raja and so he was anxious to know their prices, but all the efforts of his officers were in vain. A courtier

suggested to the Raja that he could gain his object if he ordered the *banyas* to solve this question under the threat of corporal punishment. It was done. The *banyas* tried their level best to solve the problem but they found it too difficult for them. They felt very miserable at their failure. The Sahukar was also no less dejected and anxious. Briju enquired of the master, the cause of his anxiety. He told him about the Raja's orders. Briju consoled him, and requested him to kindly go to the Raja, and tell him that this problem was an ordinary one and that it could be solved easily even by his *Munshi* and that he could easily deal with more difficult problems. On this the Raja was much pleased and asked him to show his *munshi* in. Briju put a needle into the mouth of the gold-toy, it vomited it. He put another needle into the mouth of the silver-toy, part of it came out. He then tried the third one with another needle, it remained inside it. He declared that the iron toy was of the greatest value, next to it was the silver one, and the gold toy was of the least value. He told the Raja that his valuation rested on the fact that a man who could keep a secret was the best and one who could keep part of it was inferior to the former, and one who could not keep anything secret, but disclosed it at once, was quite worthless. The solution was sent, and was approved by the

Raja of the other country. On this brilliant success, the Raja enquired of the Sahukar about Briju's pay.

The Raja appointed him as the tutor of his own son, the Wazir's son and the sons of a number of other officers on handsome salary. He served him well for sometime, but one day to his great misfortune, the Wazir's son thrust his knife into his own throat, while he was cutting a mangoe. While Briju was taking the knife out, the Wazir happened to pass by, and at once took him for a murderer. The matter was reported to the Raja who ordered that he should be hanged. As it was no fault of his he felt awfully miserable. He called to mind the strange event of his life, once he was a Raja, then he was worse than a sweeper, a kitchen servant, then a clerk, a tutor, and last of all a supposed murderer. He was convinced of the statement "Whatever God wants, He can do." The time was fast approaching to receive his punishment. He was asked if he should like to eat anything or to see any body. He said "No". He asked the authorities, when there were still a few minutes left, to take off his hand-cuffs and allow him to pray, this was done promptly.

When he was praying that his life might be spared, and realising in his prayers that God was omnipotent, all-pervading and could do whatever he liked, all of a sudden the same

bird with a chain round his neck appeared. He immediately caught hold of the chain. The bird took him to his palace, and left him on its roof. His Rani was much pleased to see him come back.

Next day, he announced the judgment in favour of the man who was the follower of the maxim "Whatever God wishes He can do." He never forgot the difficulties which made him learn it.

The Exiled Prince

Once upon a time there lived a Raja, who had an only son, whom he loved very much. The prince was intimate with the Minister's son Gopal, the Goldsmith's son—Krishan—and the Carpenter's son—Gopi. They were friends, played together, and passed their leisure hours in one another's company. All the four men were adventurous and well-versed in one particular art each. The prince had the bad habit of teasing girls who came to the well with their pitchers, by breaking them with small pieces of stones. The girls tolerated his misbehaviour for sometime but when it became unbearable they all went to the Raja with the request that the prince should be exiled for at least seven years because they had been troubled

much. The request in his opinion was reasonable and therefore orders were passed to that effect. When the prince came to know about his father's orders, unmindful of his riches and comforts, he left the place, and went to his three friends whom he told all about his punishment. They were true friends, and they were very sorry to hear about the cruel punishment which the Raja had inflicted on him, and said they were ready to accompany him in his exile.

The prince with his three friends left the country to spend seven years in exile in obedience to the Raja's order. When the town was out of sight, the prince enquired of them if they knew any science or art. Gopal told him that by a charm he could infuse life into a corpse or even a bone. Krishan told him that he could tactfully bring back a lost article. Gopi told him that he could make an aeroplane, and was well versed in aeronautics.

It so happened that the prince found a bone of a lion on his way. In order to test the power of Gopal he asked him to bring the animal back to life. Gopal was very clever, he anticipated the danger which they might have to face in case he satisfied the curiosity of his friend. He told him plainly that he could do the thing asked for but its results would be so undesirable that he would have to repent

afterwards. The prince was obstinate and stuck to his request. To the astonishment of all, Gopal uttered a *mantra* and in a few minutes the fearful quadruped became alive and roared ferociously. On this they were terrified and ran away in confusion, three in one direction and the fourth, the prince in the opposite direction,

The prince helpless, miserable, horrified, walked on all by himself and at last came to a bower. There was a very big tank in the midst of which there was a marble building. He climbed a tree near it and sat on it. At night, a snake came out of the water and it began to dance under the tree after placing the *Mani* (Jewel) on one side. The prince enjoyed the dance in the dazzling light of the jewel. Before daybreak, the snake retired, whereupon the prince resolved to get hold of the jewel. He went to the town and obtained a heavy steel cage prepared with sharp spikes and knobs on it. With this cage he took his seat on the same tree and was determined to get hold of the jewel. He anticipated its result. Either he would succeed in attaining his object, or he would lose his life. When the snake came under the tree and was dancing, the prince lowered the cage very slowly and covered the jewel with it. Thus it was concealed in a few minutes. The place became quite dark. The

snake could no longer enjoy its dance, it came to the cage and stung it and it died after sometime. In the morning the prince descended from the tree and took the jewel. He stepped into the water of the tank. To his surprise the water in front of him ran dry, thus he had not to wade through it. He reached the beautiful building—a lady's bower—and opened the door. He was pleased to see there a beautiful young girl with rosy cheeks and raven tresses. Tears of joy fell from her eyes. He asked her the reason. She told him that it was very long since she saw a man and that she was confined there by the serpent, who on coming back would sting him and put him to death. He asked her whether she loved him. In reply she uttered simply 'Yes'. For sometime they talked sweetly. He told her that he had killed the serpent by a contrivance, and had got the *Mani*. At this she smiled and offered him her hand in marriage. They lived there for a few days. One day in the course of conversation he related to her the story of his friends and of his separation from them.

One evening she came out of the bower for a stroll. It so happened that a troop of soldiers passed by that side. In order to avoid them, she hurriedly took her way to the bower. To her misfortune, in a hurry

one of her shoes slipped off. A soldier by chance saw it and admired it. It was of a rare and exquisite design. Its price was very high because there was a number of rubies set on it. In his opinion it was fit for the Rani to wear. Thinking that he might get a royal prize, he brought it to the Raja, who eagerly accepted it and sent it to his wife. She was extremely pleased to see the shoe but she sent a word to him that he should obtain for her the second shoe also, without which it was an incomplete pair and was quite useless. She also added that she would not take her meal until she got it. The Raja enquired of the soldier if he could bring it, but he disappointed him by saying "No" and pointed out the place where he had found it. When the Raja threatened to punish him severely, the poor soldier went to the spot and made a thorough search for the second shoe, but his efforts were fruitless, he could not find it anywhere. The unlucky soldier instead of being rewarded was dismissed from service. The Rani was obstinate and did not touch her meal.

The Raja declared by drum beating that any one who found out the shoe would be amply rewarded. Many persons tried but all failed except an old woman. She took a palanquin with four strong bearers to the bower. She concealed them all and

ordered them to come to her immediately on hearing from her. She sat down near the tank and waited for the young girl, Padmani, who came there in the evening for a walk. She at once guessed that Padmani was the owner of the shoe and that she could get from her the other shoe by tact. She asked the girl if she had recognized her and without waiting for a reply told her that she was her aunt, long separated from her and was very much pleased to see her. She would like to spend a few days with her if she did not mind it. Padmani told her that she would be right glad to enjoy her company. She took her to her bower and introduced her to her husband, who like her did not suspect any harm from the old woman. The intruder took advantage of every minute. She, by the way, asked her how the water of the tank got dried up as she came out of it. The innocent girl told her that it was due to the influence of the jewel possessed by her husband.

One evening the old woman concealed the shoe in her clothes, and told her that she should take the jewel from the prince, so that they might go out for a stroll. Padmani did it. The woman took it from her to have a look at it. As soon as they were out, she at once whistled, and to the surprise of Padmani, there appeared four men with a handsome palanquin. She asked her to

take her seat in it. Padmani guessed that she was entrapped and would be taken away somewhere by the old woman. She considered it useless to refuse to obey her, single handed as she was. She meekly carried out her wishes and the bearers as previously instructed took her to the Raja. He was very pleased to see her and ordered his maid-servant to conduct her to the Rani. The shoe was given to her. The Raja fell in love with Padmani and wanted to marry her. She refused, but when she was much pressed, she promised to marry him after waiting for a year for her husband. Time passed on smoothly.

The three friends separated from the Prince were very anxious to see him (the Prince). Krishan told his friends that he would try to find out the Prince. Disguised as a hawker dealing in bangles he went to the palace where Padmani was living. Padmani spent much of her time in looking out of her window in the hope that she might see her husband or any of his three friends about whom he had told her several times. On seeing the young hawker, it struck her that she should buy some bangles from him. She went to him to buy them. During the course of this transaction, Krishan asked her who she was and then she told him her tale. He also told her that he was the friend of her husband and promised to bring him

back to her. She was overwhelmed with joy to hear this. Without the *Mani* it was not possible to bring the Prince out of the bower, so Krishan gathered the necessary information about the old woman, the possessor of the *Mani* from people in the town. He went to his friends and told them about his interview with Padmani, and all he had learnt from her about the Prince. It was decided unanimously that he should bring the *Mani* from the old woman, because he was the person best fitted for this purpose.

One night, when it was past ten, Krishan in the disguise of the old woman's son who had gone out to a foreign country, went to the old woman with an ass loaded with a sack full of pieces of earthen pots. He acted admirably the part of her son and told her that he had brought a sack full of money on the back of the ass. She was much pleased to see him and to get so much money. She asked him to unload it and place the sack in a corner of the verandah. She told him that he should keep the money in her room till next morning as she was not afraid of thieves. After enjoying his dinner, Krishan told her that he felt a severe pain in his abdomen and it could not be cured without a *Mani*. She loved her son very dearly and therefore gladly brought for him the *Mani* she had. Krishan rubbed the jewel gently against his body in her presence and told her that he

would retain it till the next morning. He told her courteously to go to her bed as it was getting late. When he found that she was fast asleep, he very slowly escaped with the jewel—the object of his adventure and brought it to his friends.

The three friends went to the bower in search of the Prince. They found that the magic of the *Mani* miraculously made a way for them through the tank to the bower. They found the Prince lying dead on the ground. They were true and sincere friends and could not bear the sight of his lying there lifeless. Gopal came forward and uttered a charm and lo ! the Prince got up, quite fresh, full of life and vigour as if nothing had happened to him. He was pleased to see them and enquired about their welfare. Later on he asked them where his wife was, and they told him she was in the Raja's palace.

As previously arranged, Gopi constructed an aeroplane which took all of them to the Raja's palace, from there they took with them Padmani and the Rani. Then they took the old woman from her house. In order to punish her for deceiving and abducting Padmani they threw her down from the aeroplane and thus she met an instantaneous death. They all came back to the bower. Padmani was given

back to the Prince. Gopal married the Rani. They lived together there happily like true friends.

After completing the term of banishment for seven years the Prince with his wife and friends returned to his country. He found that his father was dead. He was enthroned as the king and lived happily with his friends, for a long time. He was always intimate with them and never took advantage of his exalted position.

The Adventurous Thief

Once upon a time there lived a robber (*Thag*), who was well-versed in his profession. He never failed to gain his object. He went to a town and hired a room in a *Sarai* in a convenient locality. He was always out on his business in the day-time and came back with rich loot at dusk. It so happened that a thief also engaged a room adjoining the robber's.

One evening the robber and the thief had a quarrel with each other. Each considered himself cleverer than the other. After much discussion they came to the decision that in case the thief brought a document, from the Raja, stating that he was a wonderful thief, and that he (*i.e.* the Raja) was ready to give him his daughter in marriage together with half of his kingdom then the robber would

have to give him his day's loot, and admit his superiority and call him a clever man.

Next morning at 10 o'clock, the robber in the disguise of a rich man, went to a *Sahukar's* shop with an imitation gem-necklace. He asked the shopkeeper to show him some precious necklaces. He selected one valuing about a lac of rupees to which his necklace had much resemblance, and very tactfully exchanged it with his counterfeit necklace. He narrated his adventure to his neighbour, the thief. The thief left his place at mid-night. He went to the Raja's palace and climbed it by some contrivance. He found everybody sleeping except the Raja and his Minister. The former was dosing and was unmindful of what the latter was telling him. The thief, who was very clever, put the Minister to death with one stroke of his sword and took his seat. He related the tale of his adventure. The Raja was unconscious of what the thief was telling him, but was saying either *hun* or yes in reply. After finishing his tale, the thief told him how adventurous and brave he was, and that he should be given half of his kingdom and the hand of his beautiful daughter. In reply, he said "*Hun*". He promptly took out a document from his pocket, in which was written in brief his adventure and the Raja's promise of giving him half of his kingdom and his daughter in marriage

next morning. He obtained the Raja's signature to the document.

Next morning the Raja was quite surprised to find the corpse of his Minister near him. He was still more surprised to find the thief with document signed by him in his court. But the Raja was much pleased to read his adventure. Being true to his word he at once gave him what he had promised in the document. When the robber came to know about the thief's adventure he gave him the necklace he had brought from the *Sahukar's* shop and admitted his superiority.

The thief was extremely happy to win the hand of the princess in marriage. He had often heard of her beauty. She was quite young, being only of eighteen. Her features were charming. Her nose was regular, her eyes were large, beautiful and brown in colour. She wore long dark brown silken hair, which was hanging loose on her back. It was adorned with a string of beautiful white diamonds, which emitted a flood of light. Her cheeks were rosy, resembling a freshly plucked rose. She was dressed in white silken garments. Her manners were refined. All this showed that she was a chaste and gentle lady. Under her influence the thief gave up his mean profession and became a gentleman within a short space of time.

Janki—The Princess

Once upon a time there lived a rich man (*Sahukar*) in a city. He had immense wealth, but no son. He built temples, *sarais*, *dharam-salas*, etc., for the convenience of people. In one of the *sarais*, there used to come many *sadhus* and *rishis*. He always served them well. He even massaged the legs of a Sadhu, if he found him of great worth. In doing so his great desire was to obtain advice as to how to get a son.

It so happened that one day a great Sadhu stayed in the Sarai. The Sahukar spared no pains in attending him. The Sadhu was much pleased and asked him if he was in need of anything. The Sahukar told him that he was in need of nothing, and it was very kind of him to enquire about his wants; but the Sadhu was very wise, and pressed him to tell him the truth. Thereupon, the Sahukar told him that he was very wealthy, but he had no son; and that he pined for one. The Sadhu promised to tell him in a month or so whether he would get a son. He went to the jungle, and began to pray to God. God told him that the Sahukar could get a son, provided he relinquished all his wealth. The Sadhu communicated this information to him. The Sahukar went to his wife, and related what he had heard from the Sadhu. After a little hesitation she agreed to her husband's proposal

to part with their wealth for the sake of a son. They distributed thier money in charity among the sadhus and the poor, keeping a few hundred rupees with them to be used at the time of great necessity. God blessed them with a son after a short time, and they were very pleased on this happy occasion. Now as they were in need of some money, they went to the safe wherein the money had been kept. On opening it, to their great astonishment, they found that the money was reduced to charcoal. This made them miserable. They felt the loss of money more than the happiness they had gained at the birth of their child. After a short time they became so poor that they had to sell their child.

The Sahukar went to a distant village, and took 400 rupees in silver coins on loan from another Sahukar and gave him his child as security. While he was coming home, he lost the money in a stream which he had to cross. It increased his misery. He had thought that money made a man happy.

When the Sahukar's son, Rama, got young the neighbouring women ridiculed him by saying that he was not the real son of the Sahukar of the village, but was sold to him for 400 rupees by a poor wretch. This troubled him much, and he sometimes enquired of

the Sahukar about the truth of what the women said. He contradicted their statement, and told him that he was one of his seven sons.

Rama grew to be a young man of active habits. He was very intelligent and had special taste for business. He told his adoptive father that he wanted to commence business and that he should be given a ship full of merchandise. He started on a voyage, and reached his destination in a few days. It was the capital of a State. The town was prosperous. On that day especially, it looked very attractive, because the Raja of another country had come to marry his son to the daughter of the Raja of the State. As the bridegroom was blind of one eye, his father was in search of a young handsome boy who could be fraudulently substituted on the night of the marriage. After a long search, he found Rama as the most suitable boy for his purpose. The Raja told him that he would pay him handsomely, if he agreed to do the needful for his son. Rama replied that he would act according to his wishes for a night, provided his merchandise was sold on that very day. As the Raja wanted him very badly for the occasion and knew very well that his goods could not be sold on that very day, he himself bought them. Rama made a good profit out of the transaction. He acted as a substitute for the Raja's son. The marriage ceremony was performed.

People were much pleased to see the handsome bridegroom. Rama spent that night with the bride. He told her that he was very hungry and wanted to eat something. She dared not go to her people, and ask for food for her husband. They were all fast asleep. She boiled some rice which had been tied up in her *Sari*. He took them with great relish. Both of them liked each other and even exchanged their rings. In the morning, he got the promised reward from the Raja, and went to his ship. After sometime the bride's father found to his great surprise that the bride-groom was blind of one eye. He had seen at night a young handsome man healthy in all respects. On meditating upon this point, he detected the fraud and came to know that the real bridegroom, who was substituted for the one-eyed prince, had secretly vanished in the morning. On this he asked his men to find out his real son-in-law and promised a large reward to the man who would bring him back.

When he was about to set sail, it struck him that he should have six more rings like the one he had received from the princess for his six brothers whom he loved dearly. He at once went to the bazaar, and enquired at several goldsmiths' shops whether he could get such a ready-made ring. Everywhere he was disappointed. At last he reached the

shop of the goldsmith from whom the Raja used to have his ornaments. The goldsmith took him for the Raja's son-in-law and reported the matter to the Raja. The Raja gave Rama his daughter. He gave him also six gold rings for which he went to the goldsmith. He started for home. During the voyage he talked very pleasantly to his wife and gave her the history of his life in detail. When she was fast asleep on the deck of the ship, it occurred to him that he should not go home with one girl and that he should have six more girls for his brothers, whom he loved immensely. The only way to carry out his plan was to leave his wife on board the ship and to take a boat for the homeward journey. He thought that it was not easy for him to get six more girls. He sacrificed his pleasure for his brothers' sake. His adoptive father was much pleased to see Rama back with immense wealth.

When the princess, Janki Devi, awoke, she found herself alone and quite helpless. She had never seen the outside world before. She wished to see her lord again, for whom she had deep love. She exchanged her princely dress for a Sadhu's garb, and spent much of her time praying to God. When the ship reached its destination, she got down and went to the town where her father-in-law lived. She stayed in the *Sarai*, which was much frequented by the Sadhus and Rishis. There her father-in-law still attended them.



Rama entered into her room, but was surprised to find there a beautiful lady instead of the Sadhu. Page 63.

Taking her for a great Sadhu he attended to her also. After a few days she told him that he (the Sahukar) had a son, whom he should bring back. Thereupon, the Sahukar replied that he had not got sufficient money to bring him back. She gave him 500 rupees in cash from her box whereupon he took her to his house and gave her a separate room for her use.

The Sahukar went to the village where his son was living. He got his son back on due payment. While he was crossing the stream he found his purse containing 400 rupees which he had lost long ago. He was much rejoiced at this. When they reached home, the Sahukar introduced his son to the Sadhu and told her about the finding of the money which he had lost some years ago. At this she simply smiled, telling him that he should send his son with food for her on that day, and no one else should come near her. Her request was complied with. She changed her dress, and put on her own rich garments selecting the *sari* which he liked the most. This transformed her once more into a princess. Rama entered into her room, but was surprised to find there a beautiful lady instead of the Sadhu. Just when he was going to return she fell at his feet, when he at once recognised her. It was a trying time for both of them. Rama kissed Janki's cheeks, and they were both so happy that neither could utter a single word for a time. At last they

began to talk of their past. Rama went to his mother and told her that the Sadhu was none other than his faithful sincere and beautiful wife, married some time ago. His parents were much pleased to hear about her. Once more they became rich and lived happily ever after.

The Peevish Millionaire

Once upon a time there lived a powerful landlord who was a millionaire. He was miserly, mean and proud. He had no servant in his house, and his wife had to do everything with her own hands. He had seven daughters. All of whom were young, healthy, and exceedingly handsome.

One evening the landlord asked his wife to prepare saltish cakes for him. She replied that she would prepare them when her daughters went to bed. He agreed because he was a miser and did not like to give them a share of the cakes. It was night when she began the preparation. When one cake was about to be ready, one of her daughters got up and enquired of her mother whether she would like her to help her in any way. In reply, she told her that she should keep silent, lest her sisters should get up. She obeyed, and received a cake. Similarly the remaining six girls also got up and had their shares. When the master and mistress

of the house were enjoying their shares, all the seven daughters went to them and got an additional share. Now the landlord asked them, "On whose fortune do you depend?" All but the youngest, Kamla, told him that they were depending upon his fortune. On this he was much pleased with his six daughters and wanted to marry them to handsome rich youngmen. But he was very much angry with his youngest girl who told him on that occasion that she was depending on her own destined fate. Though she was right, *the peevish millionaire* could not tolerate her. He was determined to disinherit her and to give her in marriage to a lame leper, so that she might lead a wretched life. The six girls were married to rich handsome young men, whilst the youngest was married to a disabled leper.

Kamla left her father's house for a distant place, where she and her husband lived on what she earned every day.

One day Kamla met a saint who told her that her husband could be cured of leprosy if he bathed in a stream he pointed out to her. Her husband took a bath in the stream, and was cured of his disease in a few minutes, as if by magic. He and his wife were very thankful to the Saint and to their God, who had sent the Saint to them. Kamla realised God's power as much as ever and repeated "God's ways are mysterious."

She learnt from a neighbour that every night a snake used to come out of a well near the King's palace and put down the *Mani* (jewel) on the ground and it emitted a dazzling light; it was much pleased and went on dancing for sometime. She also discovered that the *Mani* possessed many virtues e. g. the possessor of it could become wealthy and a disabled man could get back his limbs if it were be rubbed against them. She wanted to secure it at any cost, and determined to try the experiment next night. She went to the bazaar and procured a heavy cage of steel barbed with sharp spikes and nails. She took her Lord with her that night to the well and seated him on a tree near by her side. At midnight, the snake came up out of the well and placed the *Mani* on the ground below the tree. Kamla lowered the cage carefully into position over the *Mani* so that it covered the jewel completely. The snake could not enjoy the dance, and in fury it went on biting the cage until it died after a while. She got the *Mani* and rubbed it against her husband. He got back his leg as if by the touch of a magic wand.

After a time they became rich, and were much respected by the people. Gradually Kamla became a landowner, and came to have much property.

In a big transaction, the peevish millionaire

lost his money, and became heavily involved in debt. The creditors ordered his estate to be sold, and distributed the money thus realised among themselves. Thus he was punished severely for his ill behaviour towards Kamla. Similarly his six daughters, married to rich men, became penniless.

It so happened that Kamla's father, once a millionaire and now a street beggar, with his six daughters, came to the town where Kamla lived. She saw them by chance in a very wretched condition by the road-side. She repeated again to herself, "God's ways are mysterious." Once her relatives were immensely rich and now they were almost reduced to beggary. She took them to her house. They were surprised to see her husband, once a leper and disabled person, now transformed into a handsome gentleman. They were even wonder-struck to see her riches. She told her father that he was mean and peevish to marry her to a leper. She also added that he ought not to have been very proud of his wealth.

She exclaimed to him, "God's ways are mysterious and every body depends upon his own luck." He lived with her happily for a long time and did not forget the lesson he had learnt from her at so much personal discomfort.

FINISH

OPINIONS ON THE LILY

1. *The "Lily"*

Professor Mittal of the Prince of Wales College, Jammu, has brought out a beautiful little book, called '*the Lily*' which contains beautiful stories of Indian life. It is a well known fact there has been growing in India among other things a wide-spread contempt for Indian popular stories and a mania for passion exciting penny English novels. The growing boys and girls in India, if saturated with English ideals, prefer this trash literature and therefore it is the duty of every educated Indian parent to put before his children some books of Indian stories which can inspire them with high ideals. Mr. Mittal of Jammu is well-known in the Punjab as a popular writer of Indian stories. The present book contains some of the stories viz, "Prabhu", "The Exiled Paine", "Janki, the Princess," and "The Beautiful Rajkumari etc., etc.

It is very suitable as a supplementary reader in English teaching schools.

"The Sind Observer"

2. I much appreciate Mr. Mittal's efforts as a story writer and hope that young men will find the stories as charming as they are to myself. They also possess a great deal of scientific interest and will be acceptable to those who want to see the Indian mind reflected in Indian folklore.

19-2-29

(Sd.) A. BANERJEA, M.A., B.L.
Ex-Principal, P. W. College Jammu.

3. Mr. Mittal of the P. W. College, Jammu, has brought out an excellent little handy book, "*Lily*" in which in the form of short stories he has given vivid picture of Indian traditions and customs. He has depicted the folklore in an easy comprehensible style and in a forceful manner.

(Sd.) PANNA LAL, M.A.,
*Professor of Economics,
P. W. College, Jammu.*

4. I find it very interesting and appealing. I am sure it will prove of value to students of the High classes and I strongly recommend its study to every student who wishes to polish his language.

21-2-29. (Sd) MOHD. IBRAHIM, M. A., M. O. L.,
Professor, P. W. College, Jammu.

5. They are very interesting stories—readable and instructive.

(Sd.) SITA RAM, M. A., L. L. B.,
President, U. P. Legislative Council,
Lucknow.

6. This little book contains stories full of Romance, and thrilling incidents, which would catch the imagination of juvenile readers. A study of the book is bound to interest children, and as the book is written in a simple, unadorned style, it may be prescribed, as the author's aim indicates, as a non-detailed English Text for the 3rd or the 4th Form pupils of any High School. The stories though Indian in character, inculcate great universal moral truths and therefore deserve to be studied by all students. We heartily recommend this book to the young.

"The Student,"

Chingleput, S. India.

7. This is a collection of interesting folk-tales, tales with which every Indian child is familiar, tales heard from grandmothers, tales of long ago and once upon a time, tales of kings, lamenting for want of sons, tales of love adventures and romance, tales of exquisite improbabilities wrought with excellent imagination. The style is simple throughout, and we readily recommend this book as a non-detailed text for secondary and high school students.

The Matrimonial Review,
& Miscellany, Cochin,
S. India.

8. Our readers are well-acquainted with the easy and lucid style of Prof. Mittal. The stories pulpitate with human sympathy and a lofty tone of morality and must find a deserved place in every school library. The paper, printing, and get-up are very nice.

The Students' Own Magazine.

9. Mr. Mittal has been known as an able short story-writer and the contributions he had made to the various journals from time to time have been compiled here into an attractive booklet for the benefit of general readers. At a time when people in India have begun to ignore the value of Indian folklore, Mr. Mittal has launched on a very laudable attempt of presenting interesting popular stories for the diversion of all young and old; written in simple English prose at places extremely exciting, the book presents a nosegay of stories with a high moral purpose in each. There are about ten of them in all, which will be appreciated by the public. We recommend the use of the book to all youngsters.

The Indian Educator.

The Lily has been approved as a supplementary reader for the 8th class by the Director of Education Jammu and Kashmir.

—:o:—

"The Forget-Me-Not" (A Story book)

Price—As. 8.

Printed by L. Sohan Lal at the Arorbans Press,
Anarkali, Lahore.
